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Book and Job Printing  
EXECUTED WITH NEATNESS AND DESPATCH.

## POETRY.

From the Saturday Courier.

### THE DELUGE.

BY L. B. FERT.

"I had a dream which was not all a dream."  
The sun—so steady in its onward course,  
Since first the morning stars together sang—  
Wheeled backward o'er the flight of time, and shone  
On men and things, as centuries ago.  
Time was again, that had been—graves gave up  
Their victims—men who'd lived and died, and slept  
Familiar for ages, lived and died again.  
Desolated cities were renewed—  
To life, and their wonted pomp and pride.  
Where valor fought in earlier days, was seen  
Once more, the contest of embattled hosts.  
All men that are, were not; nor were to be,  
Till Time had run his round of centuries.

"A change came o'er the spirit of my dream."  
Far back as time had rolled, and on the verge  
Of future years, I stood; saw nations rise,  
And men, re-animated, live again.  
No change was found in all their course of sin;  
No more of purity, or of virtue, seen;  
No more of moral excellence, and love  
Of holiness, or truth, or nature's God—  
No bounds were set to wickedness—the path  
That led to ruin awaited with myriads.  
Revenge, ambition, envy, pride and hate;  
Disgusting selfishness, lying, deceit,  
Hypocrisy, and blasphemy shameless,  
Did gather to themselves eternal night.  
Virtue and truth had fled; pollution's self  
Became as man, and even seemed as pure.  
Unknown was fear of God, or death; the death  
In time, or in eternity, that was,  
Or was to be, and be forever, the death  
That never died. All now had lost restraint.  
It was an age of guilt and wickedness,  
That demons blushed to own; and trembling, feared,  
Though man did not. His awful destiny  
Had come. Too long had mercy warned in vain;  
Too long had justice been despised, contemned.  
Faint man his duty knew, and did it not,  
But cursed the voice that warned him of his fate.

"A change came o'er the spirit of my dream."  
The heavens grew dark with clouds of wrath, that hid  
The light of day—and universal fear  
On all men came, and creptures of the earth:  
And in that dreary, moonless, starless night,  
The mountain monsters frightened from their dens,  
Did howl and gnash their teeth in face of man,  
The very reptile crawling 'neath the feet of men,  
Did twine, and coil himself, and hiss through fear,  
And fountains of the mighty deep broke up,  
And oceans leaped his bounds, valleys became  
As lakes, and lakes as shoreless oceans seemed.  
Rivers impetuous, exhausted, ceased  
To flow, or flowing, ran the other way.  
Dread consternation took hold on all.  
Men, terrified beyond conception, fled,  
And clambered up high cliffs in their retreat.  
But lo! the mountains "sank like lead," or seemed  
To sink as though their bases were dissolved,  
And the raging war of elements,  
No refuge—no escape from death—for death  
Was universal. Man, agonized, fallen,  
Who cursed himself, and cursed eternal things,  
Withered, died; all died except the favored few,  
Who worshipped God in faith and truth  
All found one grave, and one eternity.

WHAT IS NON-RESISTANCE? It is to take  
all the locks from the doors of your house and  
from the drawers of your desks!

It is to stand still and let any rascal take your  
pocket-book and watch, and if he chooses he  
may strip you of the clothes on your body.

It is to look on calmly while a second in-  
sults your wife, your daughter, or your sister.

It is to amuse yourself by calmly observing  
the incendiary, while he is busily employed in  
putting shavings in your parlor or bed chamber,  
and lighting them with a fiction match.

It is to dismiss all sheriffs, constables, police  
officers, &c., recall all commissions and ap-  
pointments of judges and other officers of courts,  
and repeal all protective laws.

It is to stand up like a man and let an assas-  
sin blow your brains out.

In short it is to follow the devil wherever he  
chooses to lead you, without in the least hold-  
ing back or slackening your pace.

A PERTINENT REPLY.—It is said that a sub-  
ject of the King of Prussia, a talented mechan-  
ic being about to emigrate to America, was ar-  
rested and brought before His Majesty. "Well,  
my good friend," said the King, "how can we  
persuade you to remain in Prussia?"

"Most gracious sire, only by making Prus-  
sia what America is."

He was suffered to emigrate.

There are two sorts of enemies inseparable  
from almost all men, but altogether from men of  
great fortunes—the flatterer and the liar. One  
strikes before, the other behind—but insensi-  
bly, both dangerously.

Cut—to let the feelings leak out at the eyes  
—to spill the juice of sorrow. Crying may be  
produced by pepper, small and round, and by  
other great ones.

## THE STORY TELLER.

From the Columbian.

### LOOK BEFORE YOU LEAP.

BY MISS G. M. SEDGWICK.

I was on a visit, not long since, to a friend of  
mine, who, still in the unimpaired maturity of  
life, is surrounded by grown and growing chil-  
dren. Her summer residence is in the neigh-  
borhood of a thickly populated village, and be-  
ing a 'most gracious lady,' she is sometimes o-  
ver visited by her social neighbors. We had one  
of those occurrences which in June give such an  
out-door freshness and fragrance, and always an  
in-door sweet security—a rainy day. Days of  
rural dissipation, of rides, drives, walks and pic-  
nics had preceded it, and an immense batch of  
sewing had accumulated in my friend's work-  
basket. She called us all about her, and gave  
to each an appropriate task. I took a pile of  
stockings, whose 'windowed raggedness' was to  
me a storied record of our scrambles through the  
rocky beds of brooks and up the tangled moun-  
tain sides. On Clara devolved the task of 'hook  
and eyeing,' as she called it, and little Laura was  
to replace the missing strings.

'You are good for nothing at the needle, Anne,'  
said her mother.

'Least in mamma's kingdom of heaven,' in-  
terrupted Anne Ryeburn, with an arch smile.

The mother returned a smile as she said, 'You  
don't deserve for that the pleasure I had allotted  
to you; but it does not signify—people seldom  
get their deserts in this world; so, Miss Anne,  
you may read to us while we work. There is  
Boswell's Johnson on the table—a delightful book  
for social reading. Open it where you may you  
cannot fail to fall on something agreeable.'

We were soon arranged for our morning's  
business, and a lovelier household group than  
the mother and her girls I have seldom seen.  
'That compendious and trite description of mat-  
rons, fair, fat and forty,' might be applied to my  
friend; but in her case, the fortunate physical  
circumstances were symbols of moral wealth and  
beauty. The fair and fat, indicated health pro-  
duced by a wise simplicity of living, by the most  
beneficent disposition and the sweetest seren-  
ity of temper; and the 'forty' was forty years of sun-  
shine, with only just so much of clouds as is nec-  
essary to keep frail human nature alive and vig-  
orous.

Mrs. Ryeburn sat, generally filling her com-  
modious sewing chair, with her huge work-bas-  
ket on the table before her; Anne gracefully  
lounged on the sofa with her book; and the  
younger girls, their faces 'bright with thought-  
less smiles,' sat on their low chairs with their  
pretty work boxes and sewing implements beside  
them. The door opened into the garden, fresh  
and flowery in its young June beauty; the rain  
pattered musically on the doorstep, and the sweet  
briar, honeysuckle and myzonette sent in to us  
their exquisite odors. When the sky brightened  
for a moment, the robins swelled their throats;  
but the clouds dropping down the distant moun-  
tain's side insured the continuance of the morn-  
ing's rain, and we began our business with that  
placid contentment which comes of having no  
thought, project, temptation or desire, beyond  
the present moment.

Anne Ryeburn was first nineteen. Hardly any  
one saw her for the first time without exclaiming,  
'how like her mother!' and to a slight observa-  
tion there was little difference, but that of age—  
in the daughter, the fervid and startling charm of  
the morning—in the mother, the more subdued  
beauty of the advancing day; but on a study,  
Anne revealed feelings of greater depth than her  
mother's and a more impulsive gush, liable too to  
find their way in more uncertain and more de-  
vious channels—a character better fitted to mod-  
ify circumstances than to be modified by them.

My friend influenced the formation of her chil-  
dren's characters rather by the atmosphere of af-  
fection and kindness, with which she surround-  
ed herself, than by any direct bearing of author-  
ity upon them. 'This is an admirable and suffi-  
cient agent, with gentle and pliable materials.'

Anne was one of those strong characters that  
must do for itself the hardest work of education—  
the training of feeling, the subduing of passion,  
the maturing of reason, must for itself fight the  
battle of life.

I am tempted to draw Anne's character, which  
is curious enough in those days of task-work ed-  
ucation and regular training, (dwarfing, she calls  
it,) but her portrait, in all its unframed luxu-  
riance, would fill more than the space we have  
now assigned to other matter—so we leave her  
to be guessed at by a few glimpses of her heart  
through her words.

She began to read to us, but she read rather  
dreamily. Her poetic eyes wandered to the mist  
floating over the mountains, and finally coming  
upon Dr. Johnson's saying, that he believed mar-  
riages would be full as happy as they are, if  
matches were made by the lord chancellor, she  
threw down the volume, saying, 'What a detest-  
able old goose he is!' what did he know about  
happy marriages?

'Dr. Johnson, an old goose!' said one of the  
little younger girls; 'well, Anne, I wonder what  
discovery you will make next.'

'I dare say, Clara, you would like a husband  
of the Chancellor's choosing, and would take him  
with a 'thank you, sir'; and if you like him sir,  
I am sure I shall.' Now heaven save me even  
from our dear Chancellor, M——, choosing a  
husband for me!

'And yet, Anne, said her mother, 'I am not  
sure that you would not in the end be happier  
with a husband of my wife's selecting. Time has  
shown that your own choosing is

'I don't care about 'the end,' mamma; I wish  
to be happy in the beginning.'

A light laugh, which Anne felt to be against  
her, ran round the circle. She waited till it was  
past, and then said, very earnestly,

'You may laugh, but is there one of you, from  
Miss—— down to Lily, that would not think it  
a disgrace to marry any man but him of your  
own heart's selection?'

'Certainly not, Anne,' replied her mother;  
'but you, my dear child, I presume, would have  
that selection decided by love alone.'

'Assuredly, for that alone influences the heart.  
Reason and judgement, which weigh heavily in the  
lord chancellor's balance, are not of a  
feather's weight in the heart's scales.'

'But utterly worthless as reason and judgment  
are in themselves, Anne,' said Mrs. Ryeburn, with  
a grave smile, 'may they not be allowed to sanc-  
tion or influence, or even to decide an insuffi-  
cient love?'

'No, no—oh no, mamma! An insufficient  
love is no love at all—is good for nothing. The  
man that I marry I must love with a love that  
doubts nothing, fears nothing, hopes all things  
and believes all things. The whole world's fa-  
vor would not advance him one jot in my affec-  
tion, nor its disfavor throw one shadow over  
him.'

'The whole world?' That is talking in very  
general terms; but suppose a case. If you had  
a lover whom you liked extremely but did not  
love, according to your extravagant notions of  
love—'

'Extravagant, mamma!'

'Do not interrupt me, Anne. Suppose that  
your father and I approved him; would choose  
him from all the world for you; that your broth-  
ers were his warm friends; that the children loved  
him—'

'You need not suppose any thing more man-  
na. It would not all have the slightest influence  
on me—it could not. Love comes and goes  
whither it will. If reasons were as thick as black-  
berries they could not create love; and mar-  
riage is disgraceful without love—that

'Most sacred fire, that burneth mightily  
in living breasts.'

'I grant you, Anne; but remember that same  
poetical oracle whom you have quoted, also says

'Wonder it is to see in diverse minds,  
How diversely love darts his poignant play  
And shows his power in variable kinds.'

'Now I believe that an affection for short of  
or rather far different from what you would call  
love, may make the basis of the happiest marriage.  
Do not you?' said my friend, appealing to me,  
and trusting that as her contemporary I had ar-  
rived at her more sober point of view.

I confess my sympathies were with the danc-  
ing; but I compromised between the opposing  
parties so far as to say, that I deemed love with-  
out reason perilous, reason without love inadmis-  
sible; and the only sure basis, love sanctioned  
by reason.

Mrs. Ryeburn admitted that in theory I was  
right, but she contended that there were many  
modifications and aspects of love; that character  
was so various, and that life was so different in  
reality from what youth pictured it; that she had  
seen so many different loves that 'hoped all things  
and believed all things' wrecked in the first year  
of marriage; that, for her part, she would rather  
her girls would trust to a more rational and cal-  
mer sentiment than that which made the inspira-  
tion of poetry and the basis of romance.

'I will tell you a true story, girls,' she said;  
'a love story,' I call it. Perhaps it will rectify  
some of your opinions. My heroine was a friend  
of Miss——'s as well of mine. She knew as  
well as I, the parties and circumstances, and  
will vouch for their truth, though indeed there  
is nothing in them so incredible as to require a  
voucher.

'A Mr. Ewing, the friend of our parents, died  
immediately after some reverses in his business,  
and left his wife with a large young family and  
an impaired fortune. Mrs. Ewing took a small  
house, and let her two best rooms to a single gen-  
tleman who boarded with her and paid her liber-  
ally.—Mr. John Sheafe. He was a singular man  
this Mr. John Sheafe, but his singularities were  
graceful and pleasing. He was about thirty  
when he first took possession of his rooms.—  
Dear Mrs. Ewing! she used to say he gave her  
no more trouble than a kitten, and yet he had  
his particularities. 'Though his rooms were fur-  
nished with every convenience and elegance, he  
did not scruple to let in all the little Ewings—a  
perfect menagerie of wild young things they were—  
and they might wrap themselves in the bed-  
clothes, pull down the curtains, pile up the chairs  
rattle down the shawl and tongs, any thing but  
touch his pictures and books, and the little sin-  
ners, like their unhappy progenitors, were very  
apt to seize on the forbidden things, and then  
the doors shut upon them. Sheafe would try his  
best to look like a thunder storm, but the sun al-  
ways shone through the clouds, and the little  
wretches were weather-wise enough to know that  
no storm could gather there, and though Sheafe  
had told them they never should enter his room  
again, and Mrs. Ewing with her earnest face  
(poor Mrs. Ewing! it was as delicate for her as  
for her lodger to counteract wrath) assured them  
Mr. Sheafe was very angry indeed, before ten-  
ty-two hours passed away they had one by one  
stolen in, and were as lawless as ever. Sheafe  
had one peculiarity that puzzled Mrs. Ewing to  
the day of her death. Though of a spirit so soci-  
al, that in every relation in life he felt and made felt  
what has been happily called fellow-feeling, he  
had an aversion to being included in social ar-  
rangements. He presided above every thing else  
his individual independence, and when Mrs. Ewing  
would say, 'Mr. Sheafe, our friends are at

so, are going to have a pic-nic on Staten Island,  
or 'are going to Long Island,' or wherever the  
party of pleasure might be, 'and I have promised  
you will join us,'—or 'we are going to have such  
a pleasant little party this evening, all your friends  
—do come home,' he invariably replied 'no—  
don't count on me—it is not probable I can be  
there'—or 'be here,' he invariably replied 'no—  
don't count on me—it is not probable I can be  
very moment they began to recover from their  
disappointment at his not being with them, he ap-  
peared among them, the very soul of all their  
pleasures.'

'Mamma,' interrupted Clara Ryeburn, 'you  
said you were going to tell a love story?'

'So I am, my dear, and I am just introducing  
you to one of the parties.'

'That Mr. Sheafe, mamma? Why you said  
he was thirty years old!'

'Yes, Clara, and he was thirty-five, before I  
came to the love part of my story.'

'Oh, horrid, mamma!'

'Mrs. Ryeburn proceeded:

'Mr. Sheafe was not rich, but he had an easy  
fortune and few wants, and he continued to let  
it fall like the quiet and plentiful dews of heaven  
on the right and on the left. There was no bur-  
den in his favors. For five years he managed to  
make Mrs. Ewing live in a house rent free, of  
which he said he had taken a lease for a bad debt,  
that he had long ago given up as hopeless. He  
kept a servant and secretly paid him double wa-  
ges for doing Mrs. Ewing's work. He had al-  
ways some poor friend in the shape of a French  
dancing or music-master that he wanted to give  
a little money to, and Mrs. Ewing would particu-  
larly oblige him if she would allow the children  
to take lessons of them, as he did not like to ask  
them to take money without an equivalent.—  
'This was something like reversing the old adage  
of 'killing two birds with one stone.'

'You will easily perceive that such a man, in  
the course of four or five years, would so involve  
himself in the concerns of a family, as to become  
indispensable to their happiness. In this five  
years, Catharine or Kate Ewing, as we used to  
call her, had passed from the awkward age of her  
fourteenth to her nineteenth year.'

'Oh, now the love story is coming,' cried Clara  
Ryeburn.

'And reason versus love,' said Anne.

Her mother smiled, and went on:—

'Kate was a light-hearted and happy-tempered  
young creature. She had been from the begin-  
ning a prime favorite of Sheafe's, but for the last  
two or three years he had appeared rather more  
reserved towards her. While she was a child he  
was unlimited in his beneficence towards her.—  
Her room was filled with his gifts, books and  
pictures. All her books—the prettiest of rose-  
wood book-cases—all were his gifts. All her ex-  
pensive masters had been employed by him.—  
Now, he ceased to be her open benefactor, some-  
good earthly providence still seemed watching  
over her, and showering favors upon her. If a  
new book worth buying appeared, she was the  
first to possess it, and never had she occasion for  
a bouquet but a bouquet of the choicest flowers ap-  
peared at the door. Kate was not very far sighted  
in such matters. She did not see why if Mr.  
Sheafe continued to give, he could not give  
openly as he had always done. Her simple heart-  
ed mother was easily eluded.

'I know very well, Mr. Sheafe,' she said, soon  
after these anonymous gifts began, 'where Kate's  
presents come from. I may thank the giver if  
she cannot.'

'Mr. Sheafe looked grave and displeased. A  
rare look for him, for of all the men I ever knew  
he was the most cheerful, the most joyous, as he  
and a right to be, for he was the best. He said,  
'I perceive you mean your thanks for me, Mrs.  
Ewing. You are wasting time; whoever the  
giver of these trifles to Kate may be, he should  
be allowed the secrecy he chooses.'

'Well, I assure you,' replied Mrs. Ewing, com-  
pletely baffled, 'I have not the smallest notion  
who it is. I never once thought of any one but  
you. To be sure I ought to have remembered  
that you never in years past made secret of your  
gifts.' A smile that in spite of him, played over  
Mr. Sheafe's lips, and a blush that deepened his  
rather deep colored cheek, would have told the  
truth to a more suspicious person than dear Mrs.  
Ewing. But she, as you know, Miss—— al-  
ways took the sense that met the ear.'

'But, mamma,' interrupted Anne Ryeburn, 'I  
trust Mr. Sheafe was not a rosy bachelor. I can  
imagine a girl of Miss Ewing's age, falling des-  
perately in love with a man, even if he were forty,  
if he were tall, with a pale, marble complexion,  
and fine large dark eyes, and plenty of black  
hair.'

'Oh Anne, my dear,' replied her mother, laugh-  
ing, 'nothing can be more unlike your passionate  
lover than my real one. Mr. Sheafe was not a  
lover the middle stature; a little inclined to the  
rotund and ruddy, and as to his hair, once, blast  
of the softest, lightest brown, it had retreated so  
far from his forehead that he wore—'

'Oh, not a scratch, mamma, don't say he  
wore a scratch!'

'Not quite a scratch, Anne, but a small nicely  
faded patch to hide the ravages of time. Plenty  
of black hair indeed! You will hardly find that  
on a man's head of thirty-five from Maine to  
Georgia.'

'But a patch, mamma. Baldness is better than  
that. My father's head now is beautiful; rather  
bald to be sure, but the little hair that he has, is  
soft, bright and curly.'

'Oh, father's head is lovely!' cried Clara Ry-  
burn.

'Oh, yes, I guess it is!' exclaimed in a chorus  
half a dozen young voices.

Mrs. Ryeburn and I exchanged smiles, and she  
proceeded.

Even the patch, Anne, did not conceal or de-

form the fine classic shape of his head, which,  
with its moral and intellectual developments  
would have charmed a phrenologist. I am sure  
no large dark-eye ever so expressed, as his beam-  
ing grey one did, the kindling and discharging of  
feeling. His lips, between humor, kindness, ten-  
derness, and sympathy, were always in a sort of  
graceful movement, and in short, though he had  
none of your requisites of beauty, he was the  
most agreeable looking man I ever saw.'

'Agreeable looking! Well, was Miss Kate  
Ewing agreeable looking too?'

'Till now I had listened to what was to me an  
old story with as much interest as the young  
people, but now I interposed; and with enthu-  
siasm, as the recollector of my charming contem-  
porary, I described her in terms that made all  
my hearers exclaim:

'Oh, she must have been beautiful and so in-  
teresting.'

And Clara Ryeburn said:—

'I hope that 'old bachelor' didn't dare to fall  
in love with her.'

'Not, perhaps, what you would quite call fall-  
ing in love,' resumed her mother, 'but the love  
he felt for her as a child, grew insensibly into a  
strange sentiment, and one bright day he was  
suddenly betrayed into a disclosure for which  
Kate was totally unprepared. She burst into  
tears, and frankly told him she had never thought  
of him as a lover, and never could; but that she  
loved him so dearly she would rather have died  
than tell him so. A total change came over  
him—in place of his perpetual good humor and  
sunny cheerfulness, an immovable gravity and  
occasional melancholy. Poor Mrs. Ewing could  
not divine what it meant. She first thought his  
affairs must be embarrassed, and then fancied it  
was an incipient fever, and begged him to take  
advice. She told him all the house would be  
wretched, if an evil overtook him, and called his  
observation to Kate, who she said, had not smiled  
for a week. He made no reply to her, but the  
next morning she was astonished at the informa-  
tion that he was going abroad, and that he and  
his servant were packing up his furniture to be  
removed to a place of storage.

'It was a wretched day at the Ewings. Poor  
Mrs. Ewing walked up and down her room,  
wringing her hands and wiping her eyes, and  
wondering (till Kate wished herself dead that she  
might not hear) what could have happened to  
Mr. Sheafe. Kate went to her worsted work,  
but her eyes were so blinded with her tears, that  
she could not see it; she took up a book, but  
she did not know whether she read backward or  
forward. She sat down to her piano and played  
so false, that even Mr. Sheafe heard and noted it.

Mrs. Ewing saw the carpenters bring in empty  
boxes.

'Dear me,' she said, 'it seems just as if a coffin  
was coming into the house.'

'Oh, thought Kate, in the impatience of her  
first misery, 'I wish it were me, and that I were  
to be carried away dead in it.'

'Alas,' said the chambermaid, rushing in,  
you never saw such a change as there is in Mr.  
Sheafe's room; its day is changed into night,—  
it's as solitary as the tomb.'

'Is he gone, Jane?' said Kate, starting up.

'Oh no, Miss—Lord how pale you look—but  
dismal like a tomb, I mean. The wardrobe is  
emptied—the books are all in the boxes—the  
pictures, every one of them, even that pretty like-  
ness of Mr. Sheafe that a body can never look  
at without feeling that he is just going to speak  
something pleasant—that is in a box, and it look-  
ed up at me somehow sorrowful, it did ma'am;  
and his dressing gown that always hung there—  
always with the red cords and tassels hanging  
down by the peep post, so lively and like Mr.  
Sheafe, that is packed up too.'

'Jane do go away,' said Kate petulantly, 'you  
make my head ache.'

'Why, Miss Kate?' said Jane, as she shut the  
door after her, she murmured to herself, 'her  
heart aches more likely, and its good enough for  
her, for I know she is at the bottom of it.'

'A few moments after, in flounced Sophy, the  
cook, and after turning her eyes from Mrs. Ewing  
to her daughter, 'It's true, ma'am,' she said,  
'I see it's true; I could not believe Jane. Well  
how things does turn topsy turvy in this world.  
I shall have to go too. I can't stand it. I  
never kept the dinner waiting, and never came  
too soon, and fretted for it. Who'll regulate the  
clock now? I shall never take no more satis-  
faction in roasting a goose. He always said I  
did it to a turn.' The tears actually rolled over  
her round black cheeks. She continued, 'With  
most every body, the scum will rise sometimes,  
but he's as clear as spring water. He knows  
what is what, Mr. Sheafe does. He says I'm  
the only one short of old England that can cook  
christian beef steak, and he always has some-  
thing funny to say. Oh, he's sugar and spice too.'

'A poor widow woman, who served the house  
from her thread and needle basket, opened the  
door gently at this moment and asked:

'Is it true ma'am? Is Mr. Sheafe going?'

'Yes.'

'The Lord have mercy then on the poor.'

'Every new voice brought forth a fresh shower  
of tears from Mrs. Ewing. While in tears were  
at this point, the door was opened a crack, and  
Mr. Sheafe said in a broken voice, 'I'm going  
out for an hour; when the carpenter calls, Mrs.  
Ewing, be kind enough to tell him the boxes are  
ready to put up.'

'Half an hour after when the carpenter did  
call, Kate sprang up and said, 'I will speak to  
him mamma.' An hour or two more passed a-  
way, when Mr. Sheafe came in. He had a pas-  
sage key to the street door, and as he opened it and  
shut it very gently, no one was apprised of his  
entrance.



"Of all the men I ever knew he had the greatest repugnance to scenes. He dreaded dear Mrs. Ewing's ingenious demonstrations, so he stole stealthily up the back stairs, and first entered his lodging room. The door communicating with his parlor was wide open, and through it he saw his books were replaced in his book case; he advanced a little farther, the pictures were rehanging in their places—a little further still, and he saw Kate Ewing standing on a chair before his picture which she had that moment replaced, and he heard her say:

"Dear, dear Mr. Sheafe—never shall you leave this house if I can help it."

My friend paused. Smiles were on her lips and tears in her eyes. It could no longer be concealed that she was the heroine of her own story. I looked round upon her children. Surprise and discovery were flashing from Ann Reburn's bright eyes.

The younger girls cried, "go on, go on, mamma," and "what did Mr. Sheafe say?" and "what could Miss Kate say?"

"I do not remember, my children. It was one of those rich moments of life when much more is felt than said, but this I know very well, that from that time to this I have never repented the repentance of that morning."

My friend was interrupted by the entrance of her husband. He had been to the village and brought home a basket of fruit and flowers which he threw among the children. His face had that expression of beaming, paternal happiness, which came from the consciousness, that his foot-step, once over his threshold, was the welcome sound ever heard there.

I think there was a slight struggle in Anne Reburn's bosom, as there will be when old ideas are giving place to new ones, but it was soon over. A joyous light flashed from her soul as her eyes fell on her father, and kissing her mother, she said in a subdued voice, "Nobody but yourself, mamma, would have made me believe that yours was not a love match in the beginning as it is in the end. Well, well, I have had many a dream of love; if I ever have such a reality as yours, I shall be quite content."

"The light just dawned on Clara. 'Why Anne, she exclaimed; 'Goodness, mamma! Mr. Sheafe, indeed! Dear, dear Mr. Sheafe! If you had shabbed him, mamma, I never would have forgiven you!'

A pretty family scene followed; a chorus of exclamations, a few tears, many questions, some jokes, on the discarded patch, and a ringing of laughing voices—but here the curtain falls.

The following message and correspondence was submitted by the President, on the 7th inst., to the House of Representatives:

To the House of Representatives of the United States:

In compliance with the request of the House of Representatives, in their resolution of the 3d instant, I herewith communicate a report from the Secretary of State, with the accompanying correspondence which has taken place "between the Secretary of State and the minister of the United States at London," and "between the government of Great Britain and this government, in relation to the country west of the Rocky mountains, since the last annual message of the President" to Congress.

JAMES K. POLK.  
Washington, February 7, 1846.

To the President of the United States.

DEPARTMENT OF STATE.

Washington, Feb. 5, 1846.

The Secretary of State, to whom has been referred a resolution of the House of Representatives of the 3d inst. requesting the President to communicate to that House, "so far as, in his opinion, is not incompatible with the public interest, all correspondence which has passed between the government of Great Britain and this government, or between any of the officers of said government, in relation to the country west of the Rocky mountains, since the last annual message of the President to the House," has the honor to lay before the President the accompanying papers.

All which is respectfully submitted.  
JAMES BUCHANAN.

Mr. Buchanan to Mr. McLane.

DEPARTMENT OF STATE,

Washington, Dec. 13, 1845.

Sir: The President has received information, from a variety of sources, which he cannot disregard, that Great Britain is now making extensive warlike preparations. As her relations with all the powers of Europe seem at present to be of a peaceful character, the prevailing and natural inference here is, that these preparations look to a rupture with the United States on the Oregon question. It is of vast importance that this government should, as early as possible, ascertain their true character. You are therefore instructed to embrace the first opportunity of bringing this subject to the notice of the Earl of Aberdeen, in such a manner as you may deem most expedient.

The President is also anxious to learn your own opinion upon this subject with the least practicable delay.  
I am, &c.,  
JAMES BUCHANAN.

LOUIS McLANE, ESQ., &c., &c., &c.

Mr. McLane to Mr. Buchanan.

LONDON, Jan. 3, 1846.

Sir: I received on the 29th of December your despatch, dated the 13th of that month; and on the day following, I sought an interview with Lord Aberdeen, in order that, in conformity with your instructions, I might bring to his notice the warlike preparations of Great Britain, and, if possible, ascertain their real character and object.

It will not escape you that upon such a subject it is not always easy to obtain very categorical answers, or entirely definite official information; and I did not doubt that a frank personal conference was the best, if not the only mode, of

obtaining any satisfactory information whatever. In introducing the subject, I adverted at the same time to the information the President had received from a variety of sources, of the extensive warlike preparations making by Great Britain, and the natural inference upon his part that in the present pacific state of the relations of Great Britain with all the powers of Europe, they could only look to a rupture with the United States on the Oregon question.

Lord Aberdeen said very promptly and frankly that it would be very improper to disguise that, with the sincerest desire to avoid it, they were obliged to look to the possibility of a rupture with the United States; and that in such a crisis the warlike preparations now making would be useful and important; but he stated at the same time, very positively and distinctly, that they had no direct reference to such a rupture; and would have been made in the same way, and to the same extent, without regard to the relations of Great Britain and the United States.

He also adverted to the fact that such preparations as were actually making had been commenced before the relations between the United States and Great Britain had become as serious as they now appeared to be, and therefore could not at the same time have had any connexion with difficulties which had since grown out of the Oregon question. He thought, too, that the representations as to the extent of the preparations must have been exaggerated. He denied that they related particularly, as I had been informed, to a distant service; or that they were making any addition to the old arm of marine. He stated that the most extensive and formidable parts of their preparations were the fortifications of the principal and exposed parts and stations, which he thought could hardly be supposed to guard against invasion from the United States; and to the increase of the number of steam vessels in lieu of the old craft, which it appeared other nations were about to adopt, and which he confessed he thought a matter of doubtful policy. In short, he assumed the preparations in progress to be only a part of a wise and prudent system of national defence and protection, and of preparing in time of peace for the exigencies of war, if it should unfortunately come from any quarter whatever; and he distinctly repeated his disclaimer that they had particular or direct reference to a rupture with the United States on the Oregon question, or any other ground.

In regard to my own opinion upon this subject, which the President has been pleased to desire,

it is altogether probable that the possibility of other difficulties from other quarters in Europe may have its influence in dictating the policy of the extensive preparations in progress in all parts of the kingdom; and, with unabated confidence in the frankness and straightforwardness of Lord Aberdeen, and without meaning to distrust in the slightest degree the sincerity of his disclaimers in our recent conversation, I do not think it ought to be assumed by any one that warlike preparations upon such a scale as that upon which they are actually making here could not have even an indirect reference to the possible contingency of a rupture with us. And at the same time it is perfectly obvious that they are in a great degree, and especially so far as they consist in an augmentation in the number of steam-vessels and of the naval marine generally, precisely of the character to be most appropriate and the most useful in a war with our country. I am not prepared to say, nor do I deem it material to decide, how far we have a right to expect an explicit disclaimer of the character and purposes of the warlike preparations now making by Great Britain under the circumstances. They may be the dictate of various motives of policy, and the result of many causes; and, without attempting to assign to each its particular influence, I am by no means prepared to admit that the apprehension of difficulties with the United States had no share in them; and it is very clear that if a rupture with the United States should grow out of our present difficulties, this country will be as fully and effectually prepared for it at all points, and for all possible purposes, as it that, and that alone, had been the object of all her warlike preparations. She will be in a situation to act and strike as promptly and signally as she could have been with her energies exclusively directed to that end; and I feel it my duty to add, that to expect, in case a rupture becomes unavoidable, that this government, thus in complete armor, will promptly and vigorously exert her utmost power to inflict the utmost possible injury upon our country and all its interests, would not be doing justice to such a crisis.

I think it ought to be expected, indeed from all I learn I cannot doubt, that, in case of hostilities, the aim of this government will be to strike its heaviest blow at the commencement, in expectation of being thereby enabled to shorten the duration of the war.

I have honor to be, &c.,  
LOUIS McLANE.

The Hon. JAMES BUCHANAN,  
Secretary of State, Washington.

Mr. Pakenham to Mr. Buchanan.  
WASHINGTON, December 27, 1845.

An attentive consideration of the present state of affairs, with reference to the Oregon question, has determined the British government to instruct the undersigned, her Britannic Majesty's envoy extraordinary and minister plenipotentiary, again to represent in pressing terms to the government of the United States the expediency of referring the whole question of an equitable division of that territory to the arbitration of some friendly sovereign or State.

Her Majesty's government deeply regret the failure of all their efforts to effect a friendly settlement of the conflicting claims by direct negotiation between the two governments.

They are still persuaded that great advantages would have resulted to both parties from such a mode of settlement, had it been practicable, but

there are difficulties now in the way in that course of proceeding which it might be tedious to remove, while the importance of an early settlement seems to become at each moment more urgent.

Under these circumstances, her Majesty's government think that a resort to arbitration is the most prudent, and, perhaps, the only feasible step which could be taken, and the best calculated to allay the existing effervescence of popular feeling which might otherwise greatly embarrass the efforts of both governments to preserve a friendly understanding between the two countries.

The government of the United States will see in the proposal which the undersigned is thus instructed to make a proof of the confidence of the British government in the justice of their own claim. They will also see in it a proof of the readiness of the British government to incur the risk of a great sacrifice for the preservation of their friendly relations with the United States. It is made in a spirit of moderation and fairness of which the world will judge.

The British government confidently hope that the government of the United States will not reject a proposal made with such a friendly intention, and for a purpose so holy.

There is nothing in it, they are convinced, not perfectly compatible with the strictest regard for the honor and just interests of both parties, particularly when it is considered of what small value to either is the portion of territory which in reality forms the subject of controversy, compared with the importance of preserving a state of peace and good will between two such nations.

The undersigned takes advantage of this opportunity to renew to the Hon. James Buchanan the assurance of his high consideration.

R. PAKENHAM.  
The Hon. JAMES BUCHANAN, &c., &c., &c.  
Mr. Buchanan to Mr. Pakenham.  
DEPARTMENT OF STATE,  
Washington, January 3, 1846.

The undersigned, Secretary of State of the United States, has the honor to acknowledge the receipt of the note of Mr. Pakenham, her Britannic Majesty's envoy extraordinary and plenipotentiary, dated the 27th ultimo, by which, under instructions from his government, he proposes to the government of the United States the expediency of referring the whole question of an equitable division of that (the Oregon) territory to the arbitration of some friendly sovereign or State.

The undersigned has submitted this note to the President, who, after having bestowed upon it that respectful consideration so eminently due to any proposition emanating from the British government, has instructed him to give to it the following answer.

The British government do not propose to refer to arbitration the question of the title to the Oregon territory, claimed by the two powers, respectively. It is a proposition to refer to a friendly sovereign or State, merely the partition or equitable division, of that territory between the parties. It assumes the fact that the title of Great Britain to a portion of the territory is valid and thus takes for granted the very question in dispute. Under this proposition, the very terms of the submission would contain an express acknowledgement of the right of Great Britain to a portion of the territory, and would necessarily preclude the United States from claiming the whole before the arbitrator. This, too, in the face of the note of the undersigned to Mr. Pakenham of the 30th August last, by which the President had asserted, in the most solemn form, the title of the United States to the whole territory. Even if there were not other conclusive reasons for declining the proposition, this alone would be deemed sufficient by the President.

The President heartily concurs with the British government in their regret that all attempts to settle the Oregon question by negotiation have hitherto failed. He cannot, however, concur with that government in the opinion that a resort to arbitration, and especially on the terms proposed, would be followed by happier consequences. On the contrary, he believes that any attempt to refer this question to a third power, would only involve it in new difficulties.

In declining this proposition, the President refers to the sentiment expressed in the note of the undersigned of the 30th August last, to which allusion has already been made, that he cherishes the hope that this long-pending controversy may yet be finally adjusted in such a manner as not to disturb the peace, or interrupt the harmony now so happily subsisting between the two nations.

The undersigned avails himself of this occasion to renew to Mr. Pakenham assurance of his distinguished consideration.

JAMES BUCHANAN.  
Right Hon. R. PAKENHAM, &c., &c., &c.

Mr. Pakenham to Mr. Buchanan.  
WASHINGTON, January 6, 1846.

The undersigned, her Britannic Majesty's envoy extraordinary and minister plenipotentiary, has had the honor to receive the note of the Secretary of State of the United States, dated the 3d instant, in answer to that of the undersigned dated 27th ultimo, containing a proposal for referring the question of an equitable partition of the Oregon territory to the arbitration of some friendly sovereign or State.

The undersigned will take an early opportunity to transmit this communication to her Majesty's government.

The undersigned has the honor to renew to Mr. Buchanan the assurance of his distinguished consideration.

R. PAKENHAM.  
To the Hon. J. BUCHANAN, &c., &c., &c.

Mr. Pakenham to Mr. Buchanan.  
WASHINGTON, January 16, 1846.

With an anxious desire to contribute by every means in his power to a satisfactory conclusion of the question pending between the two governments respecting Oregon, the undersigned, her Britannic Majesty's envoy extraordinary and minister plenipotentiary, has reflected on the contents of the note addressed to him on the 3d instant, by the Secretary of State of the United States, in answer to that which the undersigned

had the honor to address to him on the 27th of last month.

The note of the undersigned proposed to the government of the United States, that the whole question of an equitable partition of the Oregon territory should be referred to the arbitration of some friendly sovereign or state.

In his answer, the Secretary of State informed the undersigned that his proposition could not be accepted. That it did not propose to refer to arbitration the question of the title to the Oregon territory claimed by the two powers respectively. That in proposing to refer to a friendly sovereign or state merely the partition or equitable division of the territory between the parties, it assumed the fact that the title of Great Britain to a portion of the territory is valid, and thus takes for granted the very question in dispute. That under this proposition the very terms of submission would contain an express acknowledgement of the right of Great Britain to a portion of the territory, and would necessarily preclude the United States from claiming the whole territory before the arbitrator; and this, too, the Secretary of State goes on to observe, in the face of his note to the undersigned of 30th August, by which the President had asserted in the most solemn form the title of the United States to the whole territory.

It is not the purpose of the undersigned in the present note to renew the discussion as to the title of either party, Great Britain or the United States, to the whole or to any part of the Oregon territory. He must, however, beg leave, with reference to the observation which he has just quoted, to remind the United States Secretary of State, that if the government of the United States have formally advanced a claim to the whole of the Oregon territory, it is no less certain that Great Britain has, in a manner equally formal, declared that she, too, has rights in the Oregon territory, incompatible with the exclusive claim advanced by the United States.

The declaration, arising from a conviction equally sincere, with the undersigned is persuaded, that their own declaration should receive at the hands of the government of Great Britain.

This premise, the object of the undersigned in addressing to Mr. Buchanan the present communication is to ascertain from him whether, supposing the British government to entertain no objection to such a course, it would suit the views of the United States government to refer to arbitration, not, as has already been proposed, the question of an equitable partition of the territory, but the question of title in either of the two powers to the whole territory, subject of course to the condition that if neither should be found, in the opinion of the arbitrator, to possess a complete title to the whole territory, there should in that case, be assigned to each that portion of territory which would, in the opinion of the arbitrator, be called for by a just appreciation of the respective claims of each.

The undersigned has suggested a reference on the above principle to some friendly sovereign or state.

This the undersigned believes to be the course usually followed in such cases; it is that which has already been resorted to by the two governments (and more than once). But there may be other forms of arbitration, perhaps, more agreeable to the government of the United States.

There might be, for instance, a mixed commission, with an umpire appointed by common consent; or there might be a board, composed of the most distinguished civilians and jurists of the time, appointed in such a manner as should bring all pending questions to the decision of the most enlightened, impartial, and independent minds.

In the present position of affairs, and feeling how much the interests of both countries require an early as well as an amicable and satisfactory adjustment of existing difficulties, the undersigned earnestly invites the Secretary of State to take the subject of this note into consideration, with a view to such an arrangement on the principle of arbitration as may seem to the government of the United States to be most just, wise, and expedient.

The undersigned takes advantage of this opportunity to renew to the Hon. James Buchanan the assurance of his high consideration.

R. PAKENHAM.  
To the Hon. J. BUCHANAN, &c., &c., &c.

Mr. Buchanan to Mr. Pakenham.  
DEPARTMENT OF STATE,  
WASHINGTON, Feb. 4th, 1846.

The undersigned, Secretary of State of the United States, has the honor to acknowledge the receipt of the note of Mr. Pakenham, her Britannic Majesty's Envoy Extraordinary and Minister Plenipotentiary, dated on the 16th ult. by which he again proposes a reference of the Oregon question to arbitration. Under his present proposition the powers of the arbitrator would not, as in his last, be limited in terms to a division of the territory between the parties; but would extend to the question of their comparative titles. There is, however, a condition annexed to this offer which exposes it to the same objection in point of fact, if not in form, which was prominently presented in the answer of the undersigned to Mr. Pakenham's last proposal. This condition is, "that if neither [party] should be found, in the opinion of the arbitrator, to possess a complete title to the whole territory, there should, in that case, be assigned to each that portion of territory which would, in the opinion of the arbitrator, be called for by a just appreciation of the respective claims of each." If the Government of the United States should consent to an arbitration upon such a condition, this might and probably would be construed into an intimation, that a direct invitation to the arbitrator to divide the territory between the parties. Were it possible for the President, under any circumstances, to consent to refer the subject to arbitration, the title, and the title alone, detached from every other consideration, is the only question which could be submitted. If not confined to a single point, so strong is the natural dis-

position of arbitrators to please both parties, that in almost every instance, whether of national or individual controversies, they make a compromising award. We have a memorable example of this in our last arbitration with Great Britain. Notwithstanding that the arbitrator, under the terms of the submission, was clearly and explicitly confined to the decision of which was the line of the highlands described in the treaty of peace 1783, yet, instead of pursuing any range of highlands whatever, he advised that the line should run along the bed of the river, and actually divide the territory in dispute between the parties by "the middle of the deepest channel of the St. John's."

The undersigned might content himself in answer to the present proposition, with a reference to the observations contained in his last note to Mr. Pakenham of the 3d ultimo. In that it was plainly intimated not only that there are "other conclusive reasons for declining the proposition," independent of the one which had been prominently stated, but it was expressly asserted as the belief of the President "that any attempt to refer this question to a third Power would only involve it in new difficulties."

The undersigned will, however, proceed to state a single reason which, apart from the intrinsic difficulty of selecting a suitable arbitrator, as well as other considerations that might be adduced, is conclusive on the mind of the President against a reference of this question to arbitration, in any form which can be devised, no matter what may be the character of the arbitrator—whether sovereign, citizen or subject. This reason is, that he does not believe the territorial rights of this nation to be a proper subject for arbitration. It may be true, that, under peculiar circumstances, if the interests at stake were comparatively small, and if both parties stood upon an equal footing, there might be no insuperable objection to such a course. But what is the extent of territory in dispute on the present occasion? It embraces nearly thirteen degrees of latitude along the northwest coast of the Pacific, and stretches eastward to the summit of the Rocky Mountains. Within its limits several powerful and prosperous states of the Union might be embraced. It lies contiguous, on this continent, to the acknowledged territory of the United States, and is desired, at no distant day, to be provided by our citizens. This territory presents the avenue through which the commerce of our Western States can be profitably conducted with Asia and the western coast of this continent; and its ports, the only harbors belonging to the United States to which our numerous whalers and other vessels in that region can resort. And yet, vast as are its dimensions, it contains not a single safe and commodious harbor from its southern extremity until we approach the 49th parallel of latitude.

It is far from the intention of the undersigned again to open the discussion of the conflicting claims of the two Powers to the Oregon territory. It is sufficient for him to state the continued conviction of the President, that the United States hold the best title in existence to the whole of this territory. Under this conviction, he cannot consent to jeopard for his country all the great interests involved, and by any possibility, however remote, to deprive the Republic of all the good harbors on the coast, by referring the question to arbitration.

Neither is the territory in dispute of equal, or nearly equal value to the two Powers. Whilst it is invaluable to the United States, it is of comparatively small importance to Great Britain. To her, Oregon would be but a distant colonial possession of doubtful value; and which, from the natural progress of human events, she would not probably long enough enjoy to derive from it essential benefits; whilst to the United States it would become an integral and essential portion of the Republic. The gain to Great Britain she would never sensibly feel, whilst the loss to the United States would be irreparable.

The undersigned is perfectly aware that such considerations can have no bearing upon the question of the title of either party. They are presented solely for explaining the views of the President in his refusal to adopt any measure which should withdraw our title from the control of the Government and people of the United States, and place it within the discretion of any arbitrator, no matter how intelligent and respectable.

The President cordially concurs with the Government of Great Britain in desiring that the present controversy may be amicably adjusted. Of this, he has given the strongest proof before the whole world. He believes that, as there are no two nations on the earth more closely bound by the ties of commerce, so there are none who ought to be more able or willing to do each other justice, without the intervention of any arbitrator.

The undersigned avails himself of this occasion to renew to Mr. Pakenham the assurance of his high consideration.

JAMES BUCHANAN.  
Right Hon. RICHARD PAKENHAM.

THE VALLEY OF RASCALS. Some of our exceedingly moral politicians take a world of pleasure in distinguishing Texas as the "Valley of Rascals," and almost invariably speak of it as the peculiar theatre of all manner of wickedness and a universal rendezvous of villains of all grades and hues. After making proper allowance for the daring spirit which is always found in a new country, will some of these sensitive moralists have the goodness to tell us, how many more capital crimes have been committed in Texas for the last three years, than in the little county of Worcester, here in the very heart of the land of the pilgrims? And as to its being the rendezvous of rogues—it can



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